The Relief Society Magazine

October
1928

Vol. XV
No. 10

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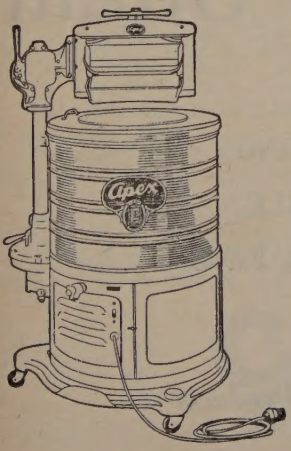

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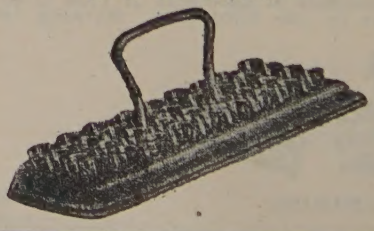

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The Relief Society Magazine

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AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

Wife of President Heber J. Grant, who accompanied her husband to Japan while he was presiding over the Japanese Mission. Sister Grant was set apart for the Japanese Mission June 26, 1902. She returned home September 18, 1903.

Autumn

By Brooks Kairn

Old gold—the autumn floor—and overhead
Clear turquoise blends in mellow harmony,
Subdued, the stream that curves in sparkling play
Through graceful willows onward to its sea;
Restrained, the breeze, carressing leafing boughs
Of trees that in the springtime flaunted greens,
Elf-toned, the woodland songster's fluted note
Hints plaintively of cold and harsher scenes;
But wild and quaintly free a gypsy trail
Leads recklessly to strange secluded nooks
With pledge of sights and thrills that ne'er have been
Incorporated into story books.

Hushed now the fragrant glen and wooded slope
As Sol in splendor leaves his western throne.
Forlorn the graying nests of feathered ones
Who now to distant southern climes have flown;
Resigned the sleeping loam to what must come
Of bitter frost and downward crushing flakes,
Full gaunt this paradise of burnished tints
Must be when ranting Boreas overtakes;
Alone, all unaffected by the blight
That strips his brethren of their regal dress,
The tall and stalwart pine lives on serene,
Aloof to autumn's melancholyness.

The four missionaries who opened the Latter-day Saints Mission in Japan, including President Heber J. Grant who was president of the Japanese Mission. The other person in the group is the Japanese photographer. The other three missionaries in the photograph are Louis A. Kelch, Alma O. Taylor and Horace S. Ensign.

THE
Relief Society Magazine

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One of Japan's Beauty Spots

By F. S. Harris, President of Brigham Young University

Japan has so many places of beauty and charm that it seems a little presumptuous to single out any of these and say that they are more beautiful than the others. However, someone has been bold enough to select three sections which are designated as Japan's scenic trio. There is Matsushima on the northeastern coast, Amanohashi Tate on the west coast, and Miyajima on the south along the Inland Sea. It is to the latter that I should like to take you.

Traveling westward from the great cities of Osaka and Kobe which are at the east end of the Inland Sea we pass for several hours along the coast through wonderful fields of rice interspersed with patches of soy beans and little clumps of dwarf mulberries, the leaves of which are used as food for silk worms. There are

some other crops, but rice paddies occupy most of the farm land. These rice fields are covered with water which comes from the numberless clear streams as they descend from the heavily timbered hills and mountains to the north.

We might pause and note the many points of interest on these small farms and the activities of the entire family who are helping to get a living from the land. We would be interested in the straw-roofed houses, in the fantastic scare crows or the bells constantly being rung by water wheels to keep the birds out of the ripening rice, or in the dress of the people. But we must get on to our destination.

On leaving the train we are tempted to loiter in the small town to explore curious shops and watch the activities of the interesting people. We resist, and pass on to the ferry landing two blocks away. Here we find a motor boat ready to take us to the island which is the real spot of beauty and the location of the famous Itsukushima Shrine.

As the boat moves through the clear water of the Inland Sea, we are surprised to see millions of jelly fishes floating lazily about. Schools of fishes of various kinds dart across our path and we understand how the hundreds of fishing-boats with picturesque sails which are within our view on the sea are able to find profit in catching fish. As our boat takes us near the island, we are charmed by the beautiful pines, gnarled and twisted, which project out over the water. The island is in reality a mountain heavily timbered and containing many shady glens and crystalline streams which tumble down over the granite rocks to the Inland Sea which surrounds it.

On landing, we are met by a group of energetic hotel porters, who separate our baggage into as many parcels as possible so that more of them can do something to call for a tip. Besides those who carry baggage there is a guide who leads along the trail to the hotel which nestles among the pines in the background. Since we come at a season when there are not many travelers, the hotel is almost empty, and as a result the entire force of domestics swarm around us. We do not mind having service, but there is a limit of tips we are willing to pay.

After being settled in the hotel, we are anxious to see more of the beauties of which we have had a glimpse. Miyajima has so many little nooks that are beautiful and so many enchanting spots that we do not know which way to turn. We feel a good deal like the boy at his first three-ringed circus. He tried to look at all three rings at once and got very much confused. The giant torii out in the water and the sacred deer which are along the water's edge and in the various paths, the great old Buddhist temple, the sacred horse, the graceful boats in the bay, the interesting little Japanese women with bright colored dresses and beautiful parasols, the old gnarled pine trees with props holding up their tired, outstretched limbs, the ancient bronze statues, all vie with one another to get our attention.

We decide, however, that the only way to see these things is to take them one at a time. Accordingly, we enter the famous Itsukushima Shrine. It is supposed to have been established in the year 593, A. D. In 1146 the temples were extended and enlarged and the beauty of the buildings increased. In 1270 many

of the buildings were destroyed by fire but were rebuilt soon after. The structures of the shrine are said to represent one of the rarest types of architecture known to the world. The shrine is built over the sea and is connected with the land by winding corridors of bridges between which are many halls. The architectural design, indeed, is said by the Japanese to be a heaven-imagined fantasy. The impression is enhanced by the sight of the blue water of the sea in front, the green mountains behind, and the colorful vermillions with which the structures themselves are painted, the ensemble forming a striking combination of views. The charm of the place is enhanced by the beautiful, spotted deer which one sees moving about under the building and around through various parts of the structure.

In one of the sun buildings, there is the senjokakau, or "the house of a thousand lamps." This huge hall was constructed in 1582, A. D. Near it is a five storied pagoda. A number of historical documents are kept in the archives of the shrine, among which thirty-three rolls of Buddha scripture, or *sutra*, dedicated to the shrine by the Taria family, stand out conspicuously.

In a little room on one side of the shrine is the sacred horse. It looks a good deal like one of our western ponies. It is supposed to be pure white, although in reality it is no whiter than a good many horses we see about the country. It spends all its life in this little enclosure, and is fed grain by people who pass. With coppers they purchase little packages of oats, which contain only a few thimbles full of the grain, which they throw into a stone trough. The horse seems very restless, and stamps around a good deal. It was rather difficult for me to make up my mind that it

should not be out in the open country enjoying a good run rather than being confined in its "sacred" home.

The hundreds of stone lanterns which line the thoroughfares have a religious significance; the bronze images of the gods and demons which one sees by the way all have a connection with the worship of the people.

A climb up a trail through the dense timber to the mountain top where one can overlook the entire country, a boat-ride around the island which is about five miles in circumference, helped to

complete our idea of this wonderful beauty spot. It seems impossible in words to describe the charm of the place. High rainfall has made a very luxuriant vegetation; this, with the granite rock which preserves the water in its clear condition, insures many beautiful crystalline streams, small waterfalls, and a freshness to the whole place which makes a person understand why it should have been selected so long ago as a place in which to build a temple.

The combination of verdure-clad sea shores, of sparkling streams, of little nooks filled with attractive buildings, and the interesting people having charming ways, all make up a setting that is most impressive.

After visiting this beauty spot, a person cannot help but feel impressed with the fact that we, in our own land, have many opportunities to take advantage of what Nature has done for us, and ourselves build up many attractive places that would add interest to our lives and give a more favorable impression to all those who pass our way.

An Allegory

By Merling D. Clyde

For an all-wise plan the great Creator
Breathed into a fragrant bud a human soul,
Shrouded in its compass warmth and goodness
Closing 'round a heart of purest gold.

Through the years it grew—developed—
Shed its grace on others touching near,
As the petals soft unfolded in perfection
With a wealth of radiating cheer.

In a garden of love the flower—transplanted—
Matured, unblemished, in the sun,
Sending shoots to perpetuate its own creation
'Till the Master Gardener said: "Thy work is done."

At its pinnacle of gracious beauty
Came the Reaper's gently stealing hand,
Plucked that upright rose from out its loving comrades—
A destiny fulfilled as God had planned.

Took the flower, but left its sacred sweetness
Lingering, hallowed, on the quiet air,
So that they who walk the pathways feel its presence,
Inviolable to all who loved it there.

Shall we say too soon the stem is broken—
Though we'll miss it from its place each lonely day—
Or, inspired to emulate its perfect blooming,
Feel that by its holy life we'll see the way?

The Japanese Theatre

By Mrs. Elbert D. Thomas

A word by way of explanation is due you before I begin. It is thirteen years since our return from Japan and things may be different now.

Also I am not, and never have been, a student of the drama in any land. In my youth I indulged in amateur acting, thus forever disqualifying myself from serious, disinterested study of the stage.

During my travels I have always been interested in things connected with the ancient and modern theater. It has been my good fortune to have seen much; but it has been my bad fortune to have been so ill-prepared with proper background in history and in literature that I couldn't fully appreciate many of the things that I did see.

For me the playhouse has always been a place of entertainment, and not study. I enjoy nearly everything I see, from a Mack Sennett Comedy up or down.

We were in Japan during a period of mighty transition. Most things in respect to Japanese culture and life were in a condition of flux. The great wave towards the Europeanization of everything had passed and Japan had settled back to an appreciation of her own; but at the same time, she could not avoid European influences. The Imperial Theater, which was destroyed by the earthquake and fire of 1922 was conceived, built, dedicated, and in constant use for two full years during our stay in that country.

When viewed from the standpoint of the stage itself this theater was probably the greatest one ever built. It had in it the best that the West has been able to evolve; in addition to that, it retained such features from the oriental playhouse as the revolving stage the *hanamichi* (the runway which extends from the stage to the audience), that great adjunct to the stage proper, which permits the action of the play to assume in a sense, an extra direction. To make this clear let me call your attention to the fact that the European stage permits of a right, a left, a back, and an up and down direction. But the footlights bar a forward direction. You will remember when William Gillette played Sherlock Holmes, that he used what was then a novel bit of new business, by coming in a darkened room down to the front of the stage and describing for you, the imaginary wall and the one window which he tells you is there. That gives the extra direction, which the Western stage may suggest but which the Eastern stage has.

I'm not unmindful of the fact that entrances were permitted from the front in Shakespeare's time and in the pre-Shakespearian period, also that our modern musical comedies and girl plays use

the platform extending into the audience to splendid, and, especially in our girl plays, enjoyable effects. But never had the West learned to use the *hana-michi* as it has been developed in Japan.

I doubt whether we have ever had such an example of the meeting of two highly developed cultures—cultures, too, that have developed the striking contrasts that were found and made to harmonize in the Imperial Theater. East and West met there, without a clash; and the art of neither culture was sacrificed.

A striking example: In the Japanese theater the audience sits on the floor; in the European, on seats. How could both

THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

customs be respected? The Japanese accomplished this by filling their auditorium with what seemed to be Western opera chairs, but each chair had an adjustable bottom, which, when pulled out, made a serviceable *futon* (cushioned) seat wide enough to allow the Japanese to sit in their regular style on their feet. Often I have seen a Japanese gentleman in foreign dress letting his hips hang on a chair (to use the Japanese expression to describe our manner of sitting) sitting beside his lady companion, dressed in kimono, and able to enjoy the play at her accustomed ease, for you must remember that sitting on a chair is as tiring to a Japanese as sitting on our legs is tiring to us.

In numbers of other ways the Eastern and the Western stage met and mingled in the Imperial Theatre. In the same performance one might enjoy a scene from Shakespeare in translation, acted very well, or an American or European society drama, or a comedy of manners, played and staged as we would do in our country, along with a *No* (classic) or *Jidai-mono* (Japanese historical play).

When Western plays were produced, the orchestra, playing Western tunes and wearing full dress clothes, performed in the pit as it does in our plays. When the Japanese plays were produced, the orchestra was on the stage, dressed in Japanese clothes and performing on Japanese instruments.

There was a splendid co-mingling in the restaurants and the drinking rooms of the theater, where one could buy *beef-steakie* or *poru-ka-chopo* and eat them with either knives and forks or a Japanese *bento* (consisting of cold compressed rice, raw fish, smelly pickles) with chop sticks. (Wooden chop sticks, always accompanied by toothpicks, are furnished with each lunch bought.) I shall not describe the co-mingling of drinks or drinkers. It has been assumed by all writers, I think, that that has been a common practice since even before the days that Henrick Hudson is said to have traded a barrel of whiskey for half of Manhattan.

Let us turn to the real Japanese plays.

To understand properly anything Japanese, one must realize the fact that the Japanese civilization in one sense is very primitive in that it retains many features that are found only among peoples who have developed on the fringes of great world cultures. At the same time Japan has had cultural contacts with the world's mightiest civilizations—the Chinese, the Hindu, the European.

From all these, Japan has taken much, so much that many thoughtless writers have said that the Japanese are not creators but imitators, a statement which must be condemned; for the Japanese have contributed much to the culture of the world. When they adopt something from other lands, they invariably Japanize it. This has been so generally done that we must use the adjective Japanese when we speak of Buddhism or Confucianism, or Christianity; as Japanese Buddhism, Japanese Confucianism, or Japanese Christianity.

A description of the Japanese drama must therefore include a description of their primitive mask and pantomime plays, as well as the highly developed modern drama. In other words one may see in Japan today practically every type of theatrical performance that the various world's civilizations have produced; for Japanese culture retains the extremely primitive as it accepts the ultra modern.

First for a description of the primitive. We find in Japan, even to this day, the wandering street theatrical troops. They

THE DRAMATIC ART OF THE GARDENER

carry on much as similar actors do in China. They set their stages up in the street or in the Temple yard. Often they are part of a wandering group of bazaar merchants. They are used, of course, to attract the crowds, while the merchants sell their wares. The plays put on by these people are generally mask dances and pantomimes. Their themes are often the themes of similar Chinese plays, that is—the conflict with the Barbarian. (The foreigner is always pictured as a man with red hair and a green mask. Why, I cannot tell.) These plays are also taken from Buddhist folk-and devil-lore. The stories tell what happens to one who is pursued by a Buddhist green or red devil. The Japanese *inari*, or fox-bewitching stories, are also pictured in these simple plays. For in Japan, you know, when the evil spirits or the goblins get you, you become possessed by a fox. Sometimes in these pantomimes, actions may be vulgar, but the Japanese poetry and drama and even low comedy are free from the lewd, suggestive, or obscene. Japanese language does not lend itself to oaths, or to swearing; and Japanese inclination is never towards the vulgar. Japanese life is so open that there is no need of the suggestive.

Closely allied to the street and temple plays would be the various kinds of *matsuri* (festival entertainments). These matsuri are in a way similar to the mardi gras of Southern Europe. The floats in Japan are more devil-bedecked and often richer and more artistic. Their themes are taken from the story of Japanese heroes and mythology, at times from Religious traditions. It must

be said that there is never the drunkenness or the free mingling of the sexes that characterize the celebrations of Southern Europe. Nor do the revelers indulge in coarse or vulgar actions or words. While in Europe we found ourselves more than once in the midst of these celebrations. The complete lack of respect shown to women, especially, and to foreigners, shocked me beyond words. In Japan we have gone to see many a matsuri but never once were we so much as jostled. (I pay my tribute to real Japanese courtesy, especially that of the soldiers).

I should make mention of the Jugglers, the fireman-ladder performers, the Geisha dancers, and the parades of the harlots in the Yoshiwara, or restricted districts. (These parades I have never seen; but they are made much of in Japanese art and literature, and tourists have told me about them).

Then there are the feast and the prayer dances in connection with the festivals of the planting and the harvest seasons and the dance. Those must have deep religious significance indulged in at the time of the O-Bon festival. The festival is sometimes spoken of by foreigners as "the feast of the Lanterns." It is the Japanese and Chinese All-Souls-Day, but as yet it has not degenerated into our Hallowe'en. It is during this festival that the dead return to visit the living.

Then there are the dances to ward off pestilence or to overcome a drought. These generally have religious significance and are closely connected with the primitive stage.

The story teller with his heroic epics is still listened to, and the wandering minstrel even yet has a place in society.

Let us now turn to what we might call a more formal description of the Japanese theater proper.

It is in the theater that the life of Old Japan can be best studied.

Let us divide the performances into three classes, the *No,* the *jidai-mono,* and the *sewa-mono.*

The *No* is somewhat similar to the old Greek drama, using a chorus and generally two individual personages, who move about in a stately manner, and chant portions of a poem in a language, which though beautiful, is yet ancient and hard to understand. The music is weird and oriental, the costumes magnificent, but there is no scenery.

The audience is composed chiefly of noblemen and ladies of rank, who come not only to be amused but to be instructed as well.

These classic poems when given occupy the greater part of a day and evening. In order to break up the classic severity of the chief plays, intervals are filled in with broad fun comedies, which are presented in old-fashioned colloquial Japanese.

From the *No* theaters of the high born and learned to the

Shibai theaters of the common people is a great descent, as far as taste and poetry are concerned. But to a foreign spectator the interest in the latter is far greater. In the *Shibai* theater the chorus, reduced in numbers, is put in a little cage, separated from the stage, where singers sit with the musicians.

The *jidai-mono* are historical plays; the *sewa-mono* are comedies of manners. The theaters are amply provided with scenery and stage properties. A revolving center to the stage allows of a second scene being set up behind while the first is in course of acting. On the conclusion of the first, the stage revolves, carrying away with it actors, scenery, and all.

Originally these *shibai* actors were despised, and even the

A TOKYO STREET SCENE

theaters were looked upon as places too vile for any gentleman to enter. That feeling has changed now, even to the allowing of women on the stage.

As we said before, the opening of the Imperial theater marked a new epic for the Japanese stage; for on this theater men and women acted side by side. The famous portrayer of female characters among the men actors do their parts so well that in some plays which I have seen the leading female roles were taken by men, the minor women characters by women. The male actors could not be distinguished. There are theaters in Japan managed entirely by women, all the actors being women. In the best theaters, the best acting is done by men. The reason generally given for this is that in oriental lands men and women do not

mingle socially or professionally. However, one interesting story has it that once a beautiful woman appeared on the stage and one of the princes fell in love with her. The emperor, in an endeavor to prevent this terrible calamity from happening again, issued an edict prohibiting the appearance of women.

Oddly enough, the founders of the modern Japanese stage were two women, named *O-Kuni* and *O-Tsu.* The reputation of *O-Kuni* and her companion was far from spotless; but Mr. Lafcadio Hearn gives the following as her story:

"She was a priestess in the great temple of *Kitsuki,* and fell in love with a swashbuckler named *Nogoya Sanza,* with whom she fled away to Kyoto. On the way thither, her extraordinary beauty caused a second swashbuckler to become enamoured of her. *Sanza* killed him, and the dead man's face never ceased to haunt the girl. At Kyoto she supported her lover by dancing the sacred dances in the dry bed of the river. Then the pair went to Yedo (Tokyo) and began to act. *Sanza* himself became a famous actor. After her lover's death *O-Kuni* returned to *Kitsuki,* where being an excellent poetess, she supported, or at least occupied herself, by giving lessons in the art. But afterwards she shaved off her hair and became a nun, and built a little temple in *Kitsuki* where she lived and taught. And the reason why she built the temple was that she might pray for the soul of the man whom the sight of her beauty had ruined. The temple stood until thirty years ago; but there is now nothing left of it but a broken statue of the compassionate god *Jizo.* The family still live at *Kitsuki;* and until the late revolution the head of the family was always entitled to a share in the profits of the local theater, because his ancestress, the beautiful priestess, had founded the art."

Japan's greatest actor when we were there was Ichikawa Danjuro, who has since died. He was not only a wonderful actor, but had marvelous agility as a dancer. His family have been noted actors for nine generations. We had the great privilege of seeing a wonderful performance given by this man. I thought you might be interested in hearing the account of our treat from one of Mr. Thomas's letters written at that time.

"In the morning I helped clean. In the afternoon Peg, Brother Stoker, and I went to see Japan's greatest actor in one of his most famous plays, in the *Tsugi Theater,* perhaps the biggest in all Japan, at any rate the biggest in Tokyo. The actor's name is Danjuro and the play was "Donjiro." I knew the story of the play, so it was not at all hard to follow. The actors are all men and the woman's parts therefore to an American seemed rather ragged. I expected the acting to be absolutely emotionless; yet it was anything but that, although it was always very deliberate and 'square cornered.' Every emotion seemed to have a fixed expression and every action was measured by inches.

Danzo displayed great powers of facial expression and of emotional acting, which, if he had been an American, would have very likely made him an ideal player of tragedy. The actors all spoke in a monotone which was not unpleasant. The children's parts were played very well, and when they spoke they did it with a childish drawn-out 'twang' also in a monotone. The costumes and staging were very beautiful, perfect in every detail. The stage helpers, who were dressed in black and wore black veils, were ever-present, fixing and helping, but seemed to be never noticed by either actors or audience. In one act, where very little was said but a whole lot acted, a 'chorus' of two men one with a 'Samisen' (a banjo-like instrument played with a big pick and, from appearances, by the twitching facial muscles) and one who 'sang.' This very likely corresponded to the explaining 'choruses' of the old pantomime. At any rate I never before witnessed such combinations of sounds and awful faces. I suppose the tale he told was as dreadful as the telling of it, but I can hardly believe it to be. They played during the second act, wherein a faithful little youngster was killed; also the woman villian.

"The story of the play is about like this. The ruler of a certain *Gun* dies leaving the rule to a small son (10 years), whose mother is also dead. This child of course had faithful followers, consisting chiefly of a good nurse, an old Lord, and a young child who is the nurse's boy, and a judge. His principal enemies are 'Danjuro', who is trying to kill the young ruler to obtain the rule for himself, a wicked judge, and the judge's wife. The story opens by an attempt on the part of the wicked Judge's wife to get into the graces of the young ruler and replace the nurse. This fails. In the meantime two plots are unearthed which implicated these people. One is caused by discovering a murderer hidden in the ceiling. He is brought out and severely beaten. (We know it is severe because of the awful noise a man makes who sits right out in full view of the audience and claps hard wood on the floor.) Also a letter is found which shows the plot. Now this letter implicates 'Donjiro' and it must be recovered; therefore 'Donjiro,' who is a magician, turns himself into a rat and gets into the house, and although caught in the act, gets away with the letter. This is a big scene of the play from the gallery standpoint. It opens by a trap coming up with a big rat lying on the floor and kicking for dear life under the foot of a very strangely painted (I don't know what for) man, who flourishes swords and does enough acting to kill twenty men, but the rat nevertheless gets away with the letter, and, running, drops down a trap. Instantly 'Donjiro' in full dress, holding the letter between his teeth, comes up another trap just beside the one the rat goes down. Great change and very dramtic. He walks very slowly and deliberately down hanamichi Stage and leaves.

"The next scene is the trial scene where Donjiro is at first freed by the wicked judge, who burns all the evidence, but later, the good judge comes in and convicts him. He becomes a prisoner. Now for revenge. In the next act he trys to kill the old faithful Lord who brought the evidence against him. He merely wounds him, however, as the stage is turned and the next scene shows the old man borne home by faihtful servants and hidden behind screens.

"Shortly Donjiro follows and my! what a following! Remade up; with hair standing straight up and eyes bulging out, Donjiro walks slowly and with marked steps down the hanamichi stage, carrying the bloody dagger. I never before saw such fierceness displayed. He finds the old man and another fight takes place in which Donjiro is overpowered by the servants of the old Lord. The old Lord is given a dagger; and while his son holds his hand, he stabs Donjiro and kills him. Thus the play ends, Donjiro and the woman villian killed on one side, the faithful Lord wounded and the faithful little child killed on the other side.

Aside from the acting and the play the theater, stage, and audience were very interesting. We took 3 of the 10 foreign chairs in a corner of the first Gallery. It cost us 3.20 yen ($1.60) a seat and 10c for a program. The theater is a large, square building with two galleries and a circle that would very nearly correspond to our dress circle at home. All but the top gallery, in which the people seemed to be standing in order to see, was divided into little compartments which would hold 6 or 8 persons when sitting on the floor, which they all did. The play started near noon and let out at 11 p. m. We stayed until 6 and saw the most important of what I suppose were two plays. During the entire time the audience was eating and drinking. Such food and so much of it. I never saw such stuffing before. And when they were not eating, they were smoking. The place soon became full of cigarette smoke. The women generally smoked pipes, but some smoked cigarettes. Each little box had a small 'hibashi' for smoking and keeping the tea warm. The stage was very wide and was of the revolving order. That is, when they wanted a quick change, the stage was turned around and showed another setting. Besides the stage proper there were two sub-stages, which came from the back of the theater towards the stage. Judging from appearance the stage covered more ground than the main part of the auditorium."

One should not forget the movies. Japanese movie art has flourished greatly in the last few years. The Japanese censors eliminate from the American films all the kissing and the embracing, which means most of many of our plays. Thus we see that the ordinary film love-story would have no appeal in Japan.

Our low comedy stuff and our wildest cowboy Bill-Hart, Tom-Mix plays, are shown in Japan as plays which illustrate American life. The Japanese movie fans, like the British and the Europeans, conceive of America as a place where men jump over buildings onto horses, and where everyone carries at least two pistols and constantly uses them.

Movies the world over leave little to the imagination. The ordinary European film is one of little action and much descriptive reading. American movies have much photographic action without any descriptive words. Japanese movies have little action and little reading. In our country we are producing, through the movies, a new dramatic art, which probably will not completely develop owing to the invention of the Vitaphone. It is an art which can probably be called facial pantomime. In time we shall be able to put on a complete play of little action without any descriptive words. The Japaneses can do this today. Their pantomime acting is more developed than ours, and their movie actors use that art instead of action.

Americans do not need to use any of the seeming crudities of the Japanese theater. To the Japanese they are not crudities for they (the Japanese) have greater powers of imagination than the Westerner possesses, and are able to shut out what they do not wish to see and get only the beauty of the whole.

We smother the imagination; they foster it.

Since the re-establishment of the Japanese empire with its tense nationalism the Japanese stage, like most of the other institutions of Japan, has been used as an agent to develop love of country and an appreciation of Japanese culture. The stage, therefore, today gives us the fine things in Japanese history and idealizes the men and the events which have made for the enlargement of the concept of Japanese national destiny. We must, therefore, not lose sight of the political significance of the present day stage. This may in time mar the Japanese drama by making its spirit propagandist, but to date this has not happened. Thus we have in the Japanese stage a strong and true reflection of Japanese life and culture.

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EDITORIAL

Japan

This month we are presenting to our readers a Japanese issue. Japan is the most progressive of our Oriental countries. This progress is due largely to the foresight of one of its emperors, who, in a well known Japanese slogan embodied an idea which declared that whatever anyone else knew Japan should know. The interesting thing about the whole matter is that he came close to making his dream come true, for to a surprising degree Japan has absorbed the civilization of the modern world.

We are publishing an article from President Franklin S. Harris of the Brigham Young University, who as the guest of a scientific convention, in 1926, had the pleasure of being entertained by the Japanese, and who knows from experience that what has often been written and spoken of Japanese courtesy and politeness is absolutely true. We present also an article on the drama in Japan, written by Mrs. Edna Harker Thomas, wife of Dr. Elbert D. Thomas, who, with him spent years in Japan while he was doing missionary work in that country.

In most lines of art Japan seems to have more than held her own. There is no doubting that Japanese art is very old. So eminent an authority as Mr. H. H. Powers states that the question has never been settled as to whether or not Japanese art is as old as Greek art. In any event, available information seems to warrant

the view that in the matter of age Japanese art stands next to Greek art. Many of our readers will recall that Japanese art was quite the vogue a decade ago and that some of our American painters took on a Japanesque manner both in composition and atmosphere.

The Japanese people are eager for education. There is scarcely a university in the civilized world that has not a few Japanese students in it. Japanese students have made splendid records in the universities of the United States, Great Britain and France. They give one who comes into contact with them a feeling that they are mentally alert. That they are courageous no one has doubted since their victories in the Japanese-Russian war a decade or two ago.

That Japan is the leading country of the Orient is indicated by the fact that it is a member of the Council of the League of Nations. Just what is before this bright-faced, dark-eyed, dark-haired people of diminutive stature, is hard to conjecture. But that they are forward-moving and persevering none acquainted with them will doubt.

Japanese Woman at the Pan-Pacific Conference

Dr. Valeria H. Parker, president of the National Council of Women, in a lecture on the Pan-Pacific Conference of Women recently held at Honolulu, and promoted by the Pan-Pacific Union, made a report of an outstanding address that was made by a Japanese woman who had been educated at Wellsley College. She spoke perfect English. In a brief talk she reviewed the progress of the woman's movement in Japan. Those who heard her marveled at her brilliant exposition and wondered how long it would be before any American woman could go into the Orient and deliver an address of equal excellence, speaking a foreign language with anything like the perfection with which this gifted Japanese woman spoke English. One of the things that the American woman does not seem to achieve very frequently, is the ability to speak fluently any other language than her own; she is thus deprived of the ability to put her message over to those who speak other languages.

Captain Roald Amundsen

As we dictate this editorial, additional evidence is at hand from the discovery of the Amundsen plane that he and his companions died in their heroic attempt to rescue Nobile, the Italian aviator, and his company.

In the passing of Captain Amundsen one of the most courageous of the earth has gone to another sphere. His behavior has been that of one who appears to have the blood of the old Nor-

wegian vikings in his veins. The discoverer of the South Pole, in 1911, his voice has been heard in many countries, relating the thrilling incidents of the adventure that proved so tragic for Scott and his party. In the summer of 1925 Amundsen attempted to reach the North Pole in a plane. For a number of days he was lost, and great was the anxiety throughout the civilized world. However, anxiety was finally relieved by the discovery of his whereabouts. It was our good fortune to be in Norway during that season, and this is what occurred.

His entry into the City of Oslo was dramatic. Not far from the palace of the king a huge platform was erected, where a thousand men, many with trained voices, formed an immense glee club. It was arranged that Amundsen should circle the city and alight at close range. As the plane descended, the chorus began singing the Norwegian national song. A few moments after this reception, in which a very large number of people of the nation took part as spectators, Amundsen was received by the king; and the next day, surrounded by high state officials, and persons interested in his own particular line, he was given a dinner in the royal palace.

The whole civilized world would have been joyous to have taken part in that demonstration and now, with Norway, all the civilized world mourns his loss. Yet his death was just such a death as one would imagine would befall him; for the same courage that carried him on to discovery and conquest lured him to his death. He has both lived and died that the unknown might become the known. The Italian people and the Norwegian people are different in temperament, different in race, different in language, different in religion, but there was that human quality binding man to man that overcame all these differences. If it can be said with truth that Charles Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic to Paris has bound continent to continent and has been a means of establishing peace and good will, it can just as truly be said that Amundsen's death has performed the same high and noble service for humanity, and that international differences should disappear in the light of noble sacrifice—the highest evidence of great and abiding love.

Horse Racing Discontinued

As we dictate this editorial, it appears that the racing at Lagoon, which has furnished an opportunity for so much betting, which is gambling, is probably brought to an end. This news will ease the minds of countless mothers, some wives, and, what is more regrettable, perhaps some husbands.

A good deal has been said about the conduct of young people. The retort is not infrequent from persons addressed that their concern is not so much over the young people as over married

people, who can hardly be classed as youths, but who, as fathers and mothers, indulge frequently in very unseemly conduct. Many people have been shocked beyond expression to discover that in our communities, where we are wont to boast of a Christian civilization, there are wives and mothers betting on horse races. Only last week we heard a rather young married woman declare that she had not missed a single horse race this season. She added, "Of course the fun is betting on the horses." Last evening we heard another woman in the presence of her husband say she was "broke," and she gave as her reason that she had just come from the horse races.

Relief from this evil appears to have come late, but the old adage asserts itself once more: "Better late than never."

Correction

At the April Conference of the Relief Society Sister Lulu Y. Smith, counselor to Sister Lizzie B. Owen, made an address in the Theological Department. Sister Owen, the president of Cache Stake, was announced on the program for the address, but owing to a death in the family Sister Smith appeared in her place. The Conference notes followed the published program, consequently Sister Owen's name appeared instead of Sister Smith's name. The address of Sister Smith was greatly appreciated and we wish to acknowledge the error in the notes.

A Weird Hush of Beauty

By Glen Perrins

Sunset cliffs! Hollow grottoes filled with the roar of the ocean! Dismal caves opening into the dazzling sunlight of the Pacific Coast. Weird formations that have been washed out by the action of the sea during ages past.

Famous are these curious formations of many beautiful colorings. These caves—the Seven Caves of La Jolla (which is from the Spanish, meaning the gem, or jewel, and so pronounced "La Hoy-Ya") are found near San Diego, California, and the Sunset Cliffs near by. Both have been used in the motion pictures time and time again.

The cliff of caves is a haven for hosts of black cormorants or sea birds, who rest themselves on the many crags and points, after their long flights to sea. These birds are expert divers and live entirely on small fish.

As the sun sinks over the broad expanse of water, one looks on the cliffs and caves, brilliantly colored in golden lustre, and marvels at the weird hush of beauty which falls over the spot.

The Flowery Kingdom

By Henry F. Kirkham

There is an indefinable air of mystery about the Orient that intrigues the imagination. Perhaps, to the western mind imbued with the dash and clatter of modern civilization, the subtle appearance of antiquity, the lure of strange manners, strange landscapes, strange language—all pregnant with the charm of far-off places—exerts a fascination that is difficult to resist.

But be that as it may, the eyes of the Western world are again turned towards that distant eastern land—China. Here that sleeping giant of the Orient, with much stirring of recumbent limbs, is awakening from his dream of centuries; here are directed the armed ships of modern times, even as Columbus sailed his little Armada in days of long ago. China is as much a golden prize now as when it lured that great Italian under the guise of fabled Cathay.

And, although not quite the land of treasures depicted by Marco Polo, still China is a mighty empire of potential wealth. The most populous country in Asia, indeed in the world, China proper, represents an area of 1,532,000 square miles with inhabitants variously estimated at from three to four hundred millions. Including the dependencies of Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, and East Turkestan, with an area of 2,745,000 square miles and a population of about twenty millions, we have a combined territory of 4,277,000 square miles and a population of near four hundred million souls.

When we consider that the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, has an area of only 3,624,000 square miles and not one-third the population of China, then we begin to get some idea of the immense size and possibilities of this Eastern land.

The antiquity of China is also vast as measured by Western standards. It is a well established fact that China was a fairly civilized nation, with organized government, written language, and considerable progress in the arts and sciences, two thousand years before the Christian era. Indeed, there are Chinese traditions that reach back into history six thousand years or more.

And in all this time, China has been a compact, homogeneous race, having the same language, the same type of inhabitants as now. No other nation has remained so little affected by the march of time and so unchanged in racial stock as China. While it is true that several different dynasties have

sat upon the "peacock" throne, nevertheless these various ruling classes were all of the same parent stock and became speedily absorbed into the general mass. In fact, this ability of China to swallow alien people, without a touch of indigestion, has been the wonder of the world.

From whence the Chinese first came remains a mooted question. Some historians claim Chaldea as the place of their origin, pointing to the Chinese knowledge of mathematics and of astronomy as a proof of their contention. Still others hold that India was the place of their birth. But as a matter of fact, there is no clear evidence with which to support either of these claims. In truth, so lost in antiquity is the land of their origin that China might have been that very people of the "land of Nod," as of any other place. Who can tell?

The earliest Chinese seem to have been a more warlike and colonizing race than those who followed them. They came down from the interior to the sea along the fertile river valleys and finally pushed themselves over a great expanse of territory. There are some traditions, even at that early date, of other inferior tribes that they conquered and whose land they appropriated. But such people, if there were any, became quickly absorbed and so lost their identity.

It was not until the introduction of the religion of Taoism and the philosophy of Confucius that the Chinese appear to have become crystallized into that fixed state of passivity which has remained the chief characteristic of the nation until this day.

Taoism, in brief, taught the One-ness of life, and it firmly

established the family unit as the fundamental basis of society. Under this conception of the universe every human soul, from peasant to prince, once formed the great one. There was to be no cast, no nobility, not even any personal God. All the earthly conduct of each individual was guided by six cardinal rules. Accordingly, all had been said that could be of moment in the affairs of man, and there was no use of inquiring for further knowledge. All that came after was but empty wind and of no value in the development of the soul.

It is plain that a race imbued, nay saturated, by this strange mixture of philosophy, Buddhaism, and Mahommedanism, would have no motive for exploring the unfolding panorama of truth. It was enough for their simple minds to learn well the maxims of the sages and to practice them in their daily life.

Many of these maxims are really worthy of preservation. As moral teachings they have their place in the affairs of mankind. They sought to inculcate industry, frugality, filial obedience; and these precepts of course, are of value. As a system of religion, however, they do not meet the needs of the spirit.

Here are four of them from the writings of Confucius:

"Beware of doing to another what you would not that others should do to you."

"To know what we know, and to know what we do not know, is knowledge."

"The filial son is one who gives his parents no anxiety but for his health."

"If you guide the people by laws, and enforce the laws by punishment, they will lose the sense of shame and seek to evade them; but if you guide them by virtuous example, and diffuse among them love of order, they will be ashamed to transgress."

When we remember that Confucius lived some five hundred years before the Christian era, these maxims are not so bad. The first is a statement of the Golden Rule in the negative sense; the last might well be adopted by governors of men for their own guidance.

In truth, throughout all the centuries of Chinese development, the cultivation of the spirit of classical reflection came to be the very soul of the nation, so that the scholars, or "literati," grew to symbolize the pinnacle of achievement. All other professions ranked inferior to these; and through all the ups and downs of changing fortune, this was the class that moulded and directed the ultimate course of public events.

From time to time, some far-seeing ruler tried, in vain, to break the power of the "literati." In 221 B. C., Huang-tl, the Napoleon of China, decreed the destruction of all books without exception, and sought to put to death all "literati" who were depositaries of ancient traditions. So many other enlightened leaders have attempted to re-shape this fixity of thought to more progressive standards, but with little success. Even Christianity, after centuries of active proselyting and the expenditure of vast funds, has been confronted by the dead wall of negation, and has caused, as yet, scarcely a ripple on the broad sea of Chinese life. It is a difficult task to reason with a philosopher.

Many things of material value have been contributed by China to the world. The invention of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, even printing, has been attributed, by many authorities, to the Chinese. Also, some wonderful examples in decorative work on silks and china. The construction of the Grand Canal, 1,200 miles long, the building of the Great wall, 1,500 miles in length, are tributes to their engineering skill, especially when we consider that these two gigantic works were executed many centuries ago. China exports many commodities, the most famous of which is tea. The country is rich in minerals and flora, but these sources of wealth have been largely neglected until late years.

The present trouble in China is a matter of statesmenship. China is coming to some degree of knowledge of modern progress. The Chinese naturally resent the attempts of recent years to reduce them to vassalage. They were civilized when Europe was in a state of barbarism. All they now need is the friendly understanding and assistance of their brothers of the Occident.

The twelve persons who comprised the Japanese Mission from June, 1902, to September, 1903: President Heber J. Grant, his wife Augusta W. Grant and their daughter Mary, Alma O. Taylor, Horace S. Ensign and his wife Mary W. Ensign, Fred O. Caine, J. W. Featherstone and his wife Marie Snow Featherstone, J. W. Stoker, Erastus L. Jarvis and Sanford W. Hedges.

Japanese woodland selected by President Heber J. Grant and his co-laborers as the place where Japan was dedicated for the opening of the Latter-day Saint Mission.

Pioneers

WILD GEESE—MARTHA OSTENSO

By Lais V. Hales

"Wild Geese" is a first novel and winner of the $13,500 prize offered jointly by the Pictorial Review, Dodd, Mead & Company, and Famous-Players in 1925. Its author, Martha Ostenso, is a Norwegian by birth but has spent her life on the prairie lands of Minnesota and Canada. "Wild Geese" is a story of the Canadian prairie farmland while Miss Ostenso's second novel "The Dark Dawn" deals with the prairies of Minnesota. Miss Ostenso was a well-known poet before she became a prize-winning novelist.

"Wild Geese" tells the story of the Caleb Gare family, outlined against the drab background of the soil of the prairies of Canada, where they contend the year round with the sun, the rain, the drought, and the blight. In it we feel the land-hunger which took possession of so many of our pioneers. We feel the stark loneliness which work could not destroy. We see people thrown inward upon themselves with their passions stored up without a promise of any outlet. We see the completion of a perfect cycle of plowing, harrowing, planting, growing, reaping, and threshing and we feel the effect it has on the human beings who help Nature in bringing this cycle to completion. Tired bodies and minds, with no feeling "after the soil and the live stock have taken their share" we feel is the tragedy of such a life. We see, vividly portrayed for us, the part that the soil, the isolation, and the hard winters played in the lives of our pioneers.

Amelia Gare had loved a good man and from their love had come Mark Jordan who was born after the tragic death of his father. In order to give her child a name Amelia married Caleb Gare and went to live with him on his farm in Canada. While she reared a family here Mark grew up in ignorance of his parentage. All this time Caleb used Amelia's love for her son to bend her to his will. Not only Amelia but his son Martin and two daughters Ellen and Judith he cowed into submission through Amelia. But with the coming of Lind Archer, the new school teacher, came a breath of freedom which immediately has its effect on Judith the least submissive of the Gare household. The spirit of rebellion against continual toil with no promise of anything but more toil in the future enters Caleb's home. With the coming of Mark Jordan to the village Caleb's hold over Amelia strengthens. Mark and Lind come to love one another and Amelia becomes more anxious than ever that nothing shall destroy their happiness. Caleb, obsessed with his growing crops, still watches his family

closely and awaits the time to use his whip to the shame of Mark. At the end of the haying season Judith elopes with the man she loves and the accidental opening of a desk and a wild prairie fire destroy both Caleb Gare and his whip. Caleb in his land hunger and love for his beautiful growing flax has, with the help of the prairie fire, worked his own ruin.

Martha Ostenso knows how to write vividly and convincingly. In spite of much adverse criticism we cannot feel other than the inevitable in the prairie fire with which the life of Caleb ends. In her opening chapter Miss Ostenso describes the treacherous muskeg, bottomless and foul, and it seems to hang over the story with its promise of disaster. When the feet of Caleb Gare become hopelessly tangled in its meshes we feel again the inevitable. There is a certain savage realism—a Norwegian-American realism that we feel is in good keeping with such a novel of pioneer life. We feel no unnatural change in Caleb Gare. He is beaten after a life of preparation for his moment of triumph. But he is still Caleb Gare with his land hunger, belonging infinitely body and soul to the earth for which he has worked all his life. He is vividly portrayed and we feel the effect that thwarted love has had in turning a great love into a malicious love and making him feel that the growth of the earth is the only thing worthy of respect, of homage. The other characters of the book are also vividly portrayed against the background of nature. Few authors can so successfully portray the inner sufferings of men and women. Miss Ostenso shows us what her characters are and then she shows us why they are just the people they are. She sees both the beauty and the ugliness within the human soul and she gives it to us in beautiful, vivid, poetic language. Many pioneer women will recognize in both the inner and the outer life of Amelia much of the joy, the sorrow, hunger, and beauty of their own life.

Over the book hovers the atmosphere of the wild geese, all moved by a common impulse akin to that of the pioneer, always pressing northward, their eyes glistening with mysterious hope, their necks strained to catch a glimpse of their promised land of blue lakes, tall reeds, and broad fields. Their cold lonely cry as they pass over the haunts of men on their way to the swamps echoes in the story. It is a cry of loneliness—of seeking—a cry which smites upon the heart like "the loneliness of the universe—a magnificent seeking through solitude—an endless quest." Their cry is heard at the sowing and at the harvesting. They mark the beginning and the end of the period of growth. We feel something of the effect their cry must have had on the heart of Caleb Gare as he listened to it at sowing and again when the earth had yielded to him its rich growth.

Song

By Susan T. Jennings

Singing in the orchard, happy boy!
Oh, the marvel of your song!
Singing through the days so long!
While the beauteous birds and bees
Wing through sunshine and the trees.
Waft your song on summer's breeze,
All sad thoughts from me decoy.

Sing beyond the orchard, happy boy!
Take your song into the world,
Let your glad notes be unfurled;
Lift the sorrowing with rapture,
Some lost soul, perchance, you'll capture.
Sickness, sadness you may lure
With your throbbing trills of joy.

Sing where flowers flourish, happy boy!
Sing beneath a cold, white moon,
Sing where sky frets out its gloom.
Be your voice as chastening rod;
Sing so seaman, man of sod
May hear promptings of his God
In your song. Sing, happy boy!

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Schedule of dates and program for Relief Society Conferences to be held in connection with the Priesthood Conventions during October, November and December, 1928.

DATES

October 13-14—Benson, Nevada, No. Sevier, Tintic, Tooele, Woodruff, Yellowstone.
October 20-21—Cassia, Curlew, Lost River, Lyman, Malad, Summit, Wayne.
October 27-28—Bannock, Burley, Emery, Hollywood, Twin Falls.
November 3-4—Alberta, Beaver, Blaine, Duchesne, Lethbridge, Roosevelt, Shelley, St. Johns.
November 10-11—Bear River, Idaho Falls, Portneuf, Snowflake, So. Sevier, Taylor, Teton, Uintah.
November 17-18—Big Horn, Garfield, Idaho, Maricopa, Oneida, Panguitch, San Francisco.
November 24-25—Bear Lake, Juarez, Kanab, Los Angeles, Parowan, Pocatello, Rigby, So. Sanpete, St. Joseph.
December 1-2—Boise, Franklin, Gunnison, Juab, Millard, Moapa, San Juan, Wasatch.
December 8-9—Minidoka, Montpelier, No. Sanpete, San Luis, Star Valley, St. George, Union, Young, Raft River.
December 15-16—Blackfoot, Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier.

RELIEF SOCIETY PROGRAM

SATURDAY

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE

10:00-11:20 a. m.

(For all women of the stake)

1. Congregational Singing, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness"..... .....No. 5, R. S. Song Book
2. Greeting and Report (10 minutes).....R. S. Stake President
3. Educational Work in the Relief Society (10 minutes)..... .....Stake Board Member
4. Reports from Ward Presidents (30 minutes)
5. Remarks (15 minutes).....General Board Member
6. Duet or Chorus, "Gentle Words"....No. 118, R. S. Song Book

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS' MEETING

11:20 a. m.-12:30 p. m.

(For stake presidency and secretary-treasurer only)

1. Instructions (15 minutes).....General Board Member
2. New Plan for Visiting Teachers (20 minutes).....
.....General Board Member
3. Miscellaneous (10 minutes)

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE

2:00-3:00 p. m.

(For all women of the stake)

1. Congregational Singing, "Make the World Brighter".....
.....No. 197, S. S. Song Book
2. New Plan for Visiting Teachers (20 minutes).....
.....General Board Member
3. Standards of Child Care (25 minutes).General Board Member
4. Ladies' Trio, "Sunrise and You."

STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS' MEETING

3:00-4:00 p. m.

(Bishops especially invited)

1. Social Problems:
   a. How to Cooperate with County Charity Department (15 minutes) .....General Board Member
   b. Care of Defective Children (20 minutes).....
   .....General Board Member
2. Importance of Monthly Consultation Between Bishop and Ward Relief Society President (15 minutes)....Ward Bishop
3. Miscellaneous (10 minutes)

STAKE BOARD MEETING

7:00-8:30 p. m.

(For stake board members only)

1. Questionnaire (35 minutes).....General Board Member
2. Responsibility and Duty of Class Leaders (15 minutes)....
.....General Board Member
3. Report on Care of the Aged (15 minutes).Stake Board Member
4. Miscellaneous.

Northwestern States Mission.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL, VANCOUVER RELIEF SOCIETY

Throughout British Columbia, Canada, it is customary to celebrate May Day with a festival; accordingly, the Vancouver Relief Society, with Mrs. Mary R. Leadletter as president, held a very interesting party. The young women of the branch were given tickets to sell, and the one selling the largest number of tickets was crowned Queen of the May. Five entered the contest and sold tickets amounting to $72.50. The other four were maids of honor. The affair was very successful, and brought out many visitors as well as members.

Lost River Stake.

The presentation of a pageant was a feature of the annual social of the Lost River stake Relief Society, which was held June 27, 1928. The pageant for Lost River stake by Louisa Pratt, was adapted from "Onward" an epic of progress, written by Claire Stewart Boyer, for the Semi-Centennial Review of the Relief Societies of Salt Lake county, in March, 1928. The stage was beautifully decorated in the Relief Society colors, white and gold. Real yellow roses and green boughs against a pale blue background, formed an effective setting for the characters who appeared in the pageant dressed in white and yellow. In part I, the women who impersonated the six general presidents of the Relief Society appeared one by one in a frame which was in the form of a huge yellow rose. Past and present stake Relief Society presidents and counselors, and presidencies of the six ward Relief

Societies, appeared in Part II. Chorus numbers were rendered by the combined chorus from the six ward Relief Societies and the stake presidency. Dancing and refreshments followed the program. During the evening talks were given by Stake President Henry N. Mickelsen, Relief Society Stake President Mary E. Black, and others.

Portneuf Stake.

An exhibit was held in Portneuf stake, June 22, 1928, when beautiful quilts and many kinds of handwork were displayed, all of which had been made in the ward work and business meetings since November. When plans for the exhibit were first announced, last November, each ward was given a suggestive list of articles by the stake board. Garden Creek ward was awarded a bound volume of the *Relief Society Magazine* as a prize for the best display. In appreciation of their participation in the exhibit the stake board presented each of the other wards with a year's subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine.* Prizes which the stake board offered last November to the wards making the best record during the season's work in reading the *Book of Mormon,* were also awarded The prize for the best record made in a ward having an enrollment of more than twenty was won by Arimo, and Merrill ward was given the prize for the best record in a ward having an enrollment under twenty. Each ward in the stake furnished a number for the program, which was given in connection with the exhibit. The stake Relief Society president, Mrs. Dicy W. Henderson, gave the opening address.

North Weber Stake.

The members of Ogden Third ward Relief Society have become very much interested in the Literature lessons as a result of a poem contest conducted by the class leader, Anna Middleton. Fourteen poems were submitted by members of the class, from which three were selected by the stake board as prize winners. The first prize "One Hundred and One Famous Poems" was awarded to Elizabeth Hardman for her poem "Treasures of Gold;" a volume of poems by John Greenleaf Whittier was given as second prize to Ellen Gealta, for her poem "To My Mother;" and Myrtle Middleton Brown received a volume of poems by James Whitcomb Riley as third prize for her poem "Seagulls." This contest has created a deeper appreciation for the writings of the authors presented in the Relief Society course in literature.

New Zealand Mission.

The New Zealand Relief Society board, with Mrs. Jennie Magleby, president, conducts Relief Society work in this mission in a very efficient manner. There are about twelve members on the board, most of them Maori women. This Relief Society board

held a five-day convention last January, under the direction of Mrs. Cora F. Jenkins, who was president at that time. All the board members were present although many of them traveled from 150 to 1,300 miles in reaching Auckland and returning to their homes. The convention opened with a report and testimony meeting, followed by meetings in which every phase of Relief Society work as it is conducted in New Zealand, was discussed.

Plans were made for the Relief Society meetings to be held at the Hui Tau (April conference) and committees were appointed to arrange for department work. As a result of the plans made by the board at its convention, the Relief Society meetings at the April Hui Tau were very successful. One of the general sessions was devoted to a demonstration of model lessons, and department work was managed in a very capable manner by the women in charge.

Mardula

By Josephine Spencer

I saw a face within a frame,
A quaint old picture, known to none,
Its heritage a single name
From Time's complete oblivion won;
A thread of music in it spun—
Mardula!

Her eyes were like the dark lagoons
In tropic forests shyly hid,
With glimmers of the Southern moons
Ready to ripple 'neath each lid;
Their gaze a tempting challenge bid—
Mardula!

Her cheek was woven with the rose,
Her ear the fainter sea-shell's hue;
Her throat was whiter than the snows,
And her red lips, apart, I knew
Were sweet with smiles, and dawn-like dew—
Mardula!

I knew that romance, like the air,
Had brooded in her storied days—
That lovers, bold and debonair,
With crowding tread, had sieged her ways;
I guessed their sighs, their moon-sung lays—
Mardula!

But I may never from her life
One sweet, enchanted moment claim,
Though I should seek with song, or strife;
She is a picture, in a frame,
And yields me but one thing—a name—
Mardula!

Compensation

By Ethel Allen Kilgore

'Tis sultry hot, the summer sun
Rides high in cloudless sky,
And scarce a breeze to sway the trees
As birds go winging by.
But up in the top of the poplar tree
A bird gives us a treat,
Singing a song so trillingly,
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, pretty sweet."

A dust film settles on the flowers,
The bees hum drowsily,
The barn-yard fowls lift drooping wings,
The dogs pant gustily.
But still in the top of the poplar tree,
In ecstacy complete,
A yellow bird sings trillingly,
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, pretty sweet."

Guide Lessons for December

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE
(Continued)

Book of Abraham

Suggestion: It is suggested that the entire class read the Book of Abraham and that the questions be widely distributed for answer. By such means it will be practicable to complete the recitation in the time assigned.

No Latter-day Saint will for a moment question the authenticity of the Book of Abraham. To question its authenticity would be to deny that Joseph Smith was either a Seer or a Revelator. All the attempts that have been made to disprove the divine authenticity of the book have ended in failure. The doctrine that it contains has not only held its own but has gained ground on the battle field of thought from the first.

It is an autobiography of a brief part of Abraham's life. It is the testimony of a friend of God concerning the purpose and the nature of God's works. It is a plain statement of what we were before we came to earth, why we are here and what our future is to be.

The author, Abraham, introduces his environments as not only undesirable but incompatible with his attitudes towards life. He tells how he established his right to inherit leadership in the following language: "Having been myself a follower of righteousness, desiring also to be one who possessed great knowledge, and to be a greater follower of righteousness, and to possess a greater knowledge, and to be a father of many nations, a prince of peace, and desiring to receive instruction, and to keep the commandments of God, I became a rightful heir."

His premortal superiority had already been revealed to him; he had found out by historical investigation that his was a noble line of ancestry, but he does not put these facts to the front as evidence of his worthiness. He sets forth his good conduct, his desire for knowledge, his attitude toward self improvement, and especially his desire to know what the Lord would have him do and then to do it. In the light of what Abraham here says concerning himself one is forcefully reminded of the aptness of Christ's declara-

tion concerning the children of Abraham: "If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham."

Questions and Problems

1. Compare the ambitions of Abraham with the word of the Lord recorded in Doc. and Cov. 88:77-79, and also the word of President Brigham Young, page 685, Doc. and Cov. Commentary.
2. What are the evidences that Abraham must have had a mother of strikingly stable character?
3. What are the evidences that the people in Abraham's day were sun worshippers? (Book of Abraham, Ch. 1:8-10)
4. What are the evidences that he who instructed Abraham also instructed Joseph Smith?
5. Where does the Book of Abraham point to the inundation of the Nile?
6. Tell of the prominent part that Egyptus played in the discovery and settlement of Egypt. (11:23-25.)
7. What honest king succeeded temporarily in establishing a kingdom by priesthood methods without the authority?
8. Show that the blessing of the priesthood is greater than the blessings of wealth and wisdom. (1:26.)
9. What great objective did Abraham have in mind when he wrote the book?
10. On what condition was the posterity of Abraham to possess the Promised Land? (2:6.)
11. What part of the promise made in 2:9 has been fulfilled and what part is yet unfulfilled?
12. What was the justification for Sarai passing as Abraham's sister: (a) a spiritual justification? (b) a social justification?
13. Where did Abraham get the Urim and Thummim? (3:1.)
14. What evidence have we that plate II was not fully translated? (See explanation of figures from 9-20.)
15. Give evidence that Abraham did not receive all of his revelations through the Urim and Thummim?
16. What was the Lord's great objective in having Abraham go into Egypt? (3:15.)
17. Was Abraham's mission to Egypt to be one of miracles, prophetic warnings, or one of a philosophic and scientific nature? Give reason for answer.
18. Give proof that Abraham taught in the courts of the Pharos' from the kings' throne. (Explanation of cut 3.)
19. Produce evidence that the Egyptians recognized the superiority of the intelligence of the Hebrew, the Priesthood they had, and the God they served. (Explanations of cut 3, 1:27; Genesis 47:10.)

20. Discuss this problem: The earth was made to test the children of God. (3:25.)

21. Prove that the glory of mortals is greater than the glory of Satan. (3:26-28.)

22. What is there in 3:28 to prove that the first estate is the premortal one?

23. What is the first and the second "added upon" spoken of in 3:26? In the Compendium Gems, p. 276, the Prophet Joseph is quoted as saying on May 21, 1843: "The spirits in the eternal worlds are like the spirits in this world. When these spirits have come into this world and received tabernacles, then died, and again have risen and received glorified bodies, they will have an ascendancy over the spirits who have no bodies, or kept not their first estate, like the Devil. The punishment of the Devil was that he should not have a habitation like men."

24. Wherein does the Book of Mormon make plain that counsel is a divine procedure? (4:26-31) and (5:2.)

25. In the light of the Book of Abraham, "Why passions within and tempters without?"

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in December)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR DECEMBER—THE HOME

IDEALS OF A LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME

Summary

"My son, hear the instructions of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck; bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them around thy neck."

"Youth is the period of discipline; and discipline, true and thorough, is a blessing that lasts beyond this life."

Character building is the most important and most satisfactory work a home can do. Habits and ideals formed in the home will influence the destiny of its members. How vital is the parental problem!

It is within the possibilities of the home to be so conducted that it will impart a love of righteousness and justice to all, and the every day necessity of self control.

The home should be a center of culture and refinement; here the value of faith and virtue should be implanted, and an inspiration to a strong purpose and a lofty aim.

The home should disseminate amongst its members a true

spirit of helpfulness, and a willingness to perform the duties of life for which God has given them power.

Within the home should be the spirit of brotherly love, to be generously used in the affairs of life, both private and public.

The Word of Wisdom should be the dominant note in the health program of the home.

All should be taught to know the truth and act in accordance with its dictates.

By example teach the value of industry and thrift.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

Teach and uphold the sacredness of marriage and the evils of divorce.

"Man is that he may have joy:" What greater joy than to be of value and service in the community.

"God has given you yourselves, now what will you do with this gift."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in December)

GLADYS ANN WAGSTAFF

Gladys Ann Wagstaff, a poet who has brought to herself considerable honor and to the people who read her poems joy and enrichment of life, was born in Salt Lake City August 9, 1900. She obtained her education in the public schools of Salt Lake, the Salt Lake High School, and later in the University of Utah. She left the University of Utah to take a business course and for a number of years was serving the business world. At odd moments in her life she found time to write poetry. When just a tiny girl she took, she says, "immeasurable delight" in competing in poetry contests and the like. This competitive activity won for her buttons, badges, and small monetary prizes, all of which sent her "winging to the Seventh Heaven." Sensitive to joys and sorrows, she spent "many childhood hours plunged into darkest depths over some imagined hurt which a 'thoroughly normal' child would have utterly overlooked." Painful as these hours were to her, she realizes, as many other artists have realized, that of her sensitive emotions her poetry is born. To use her own words, she says, "I attribute that ability to feel as wholly responsible for my first gropings for expression. Not for just a passing whim, surely, did God imbue me with highly sensitized emotions. Consequently, on those rare occasions when 'inspiration' really comes, expressing the feeling in verse comes as easily as the unfolding of a flower. Writing, for me, when inspired, requires no striving."

Since leaving school our author has taken several courses in the construction of poetry—endeavoring to master technique and the forms and beauty of poems written by the old masters.

In addition to all of the local papers, her verse has appeared in The New York Times, The San Francisco Examiner, The Long Beach Telegram, The Chicago Daily News. In standard periodicals such as: Good Housekeeping, The Delineator, College Humor, Love Story Magazine, Motion Picture Magazine, Vogue, St. Nicholas, and in many poetry journals, *The Lariat, Lyric West, Palms,* etc.

Gladys Ann Wagstaff was married to Earl William Pinney August 18, 1926. She has a daughter born April 10, 1928.

The Lilac appealed to Miss Wagstaff. As a result we have "Lilac-Time," which we include.

Lilac-Time

Tonight,
My garden is a place of rapturous delight,
For every blossom-laden lilac bush
Lifts tapered, scented fingers
To the far stars! A young, May moon,
Caught like a silvered, slim canoe
In the topmost branches of a tall birch,
Gives to each fragrant, flowering tree
A shadow lovlier than itself!

Tonight,
There is a soft stir of something glad
And gently gay in the sweet stillness * * *
Odorous blooms of phantom purple breathe
Into the mauve, suede shadows by the wall
An aromatic scent. White pebbles in the path
Gleam mistily. Two scarlet tulips are
Romancing gypsies in the moon's pale light!

Tonight,
The lilac branches sway small, incensed urns—
My garden is a place of mystical delight * * *

"Enchantment," which we include, breathes the charm of April days.

Enchantment

One whole, green-gold, enchanted April day,
In gay abandonment I threw away.
All day, not one thing useful did I do,
Just dreamt the blossom-scented hours through.
I found a hillock, low and warm with grass,
And lay and watched the winged, wild things pass;

I listened to the thrill in a bird's call
And saw a shower of cherry petals fall.
A shy wind from out of woodland spaces
Brought violet fragrance from mossy places.
And the April mist in the springtime sky
Gold-powdered the clouds as they drifted by.

Life and its problems were all lost to me,
I saw only loveliness—lazily—
Green boughs, gold sky, and lilting, wild bird call,
And I, enchanted—glad—and that was all!

In the nature group we include also "Lake Mary." This lake has appealed to a number of our Utah painters. We are delighted to have it make appeal to one of our Utah poets.

LAKE MARY

Poised like a jewel in a crown of pines,
Worn on the brow of earth,
Emerald green 'neath the noonday sun,
Rose-gray at the day's chill birth.

Calm, when the moon leaps up from the crags
To the sky's starlit pathway,
shimmering,
Touching with wave-lips the shadowy forms
Of the mirrored pines' silvered
glimmering.

But reaching out for the sheltering shore
When the wild-winged things at the morn
Cry challenge—and small things hide away
And wave lips from pine shadows are torn!

Love songs appeal to our auther rather frequently. A very outstanding poem is "A Love Song," after the Chinese, which we include.

A LOVE SONG
(After the Chinese)

In the golden morning I walk down by the river side,
A thousand silver butterflies cling to the water flowers
And the lacquered petals of the lilies open in shy delight.
In my enchantment I see strange flowers that are like thy face
And the sound of the water is like the whispering of thy voice,
And the sound of the wind in the marshes is thy voice, calling.

Thou art tall among thy kind, as the water willows,
Tall as the green rushes and luscious as the Springtime;
Thine eyes are as the twilight over a summer sea
And thy lips are as the peach blossom, flower pink.
Thy breath is as the perfume of my garden—
I dream—I dream amidst invisible fragrances. * * *

In the cool of the evening I walk beside the lake,
I walk in solitude and regard disconsolately the images—
The shadowy images of flowers and reeds in the still water.
There is the delicate promise of Springtime in the silence,
But I am apart from the Springtime—for I am old.
I am as old as the idol of Lo Han Dung upon the Emeporor's palaces.

In my desolation I see not the pale stars in the violet sky,
I see only the grace of thy body as the willows sway.
Afar the voices of the flower girls are singing in delight,
Their hands, lotus drenched, weave the song as they sing;
Their tiny, scarlet feet dance upon innumerable petals,
And thou, who should now walk beside me—art among them.

A poem published in the Ladies' Home Journal in 1925 entitled "To the Diva Mother" will find quick response in the hearts of all who read it. It was written to Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, during her concert given for the Disabled Veterans of the World War, in Salt Lake City, June 23, 1924.

To The Diva Mother

I was one in that great throng
Of yesterday,
Filling the vast tabernacle
With a surge of patriotic memories;
And I stood between two veterans
Blinded—both,
And heard you sing.
While all the tears within my being
Swelled into a sob against my throat
As the first note of "Taps"
Slips from your lips—
Sweet * * * clear * * *
Touching to life
A thousand poignant memories
And made them live again
Within the breasts
Of those two buddies.
I closed my eyes
And stood there—blinded, too * * *
Then, leaning close,
That scarred and aching "Vet"
Of the World War—
With tears upon his wounded face
Said brokenly:
"God! Ain't she great!"

We published "Those Yonder Hills" in the Relief Society Magazine for June, 1927. The author furnishes us with this note concerning that poem. "The mountains written of are the Wasatch range of eastern Utah. In early Spring they appear as though great patches of snow has remained from the winter months. Snow, indeed! Waxen, fragrant snow—myriads of pure white Sego Lilies (the State flower of Utah) growing in massed profusion over the hills!

We are closing our group of poems with a Thanksgiving Song.

THANKSGIVING SONG

Not for the great gifts you have given, God,
Nor for Your eternal mercy, this song;
For these You've known my heart's deep gratitude.
But for the little joys the whole day long,
The small delights that crowd through every hour,
And ecstasies that bless my Everday—
The little, home-sweet joys which mean so much—
For these, dear God, in humble thanks I pray:

For the pale, primrose breaking of the dawn,
Sifting to gold upon my window sills,
Bronzing the elm's last brave and clinging leaves
And building burnished castles of the hills;
For the spicy, rain-sweet November air
Pressing my eyelids at an open door,
And for the early sunlight, hesitant,
Offering shy friendliness upon my floor;
For the warmth and comfort of thought-filled rooms
And things dear loved—a slender, teakwood stand
Upon which sits a smug, green Chinese god,
Exhaling incensed breath upon my hand,
His eyes, triumphant and intolerant,
Bring memories of a slow, southern sea—
Of grave, Chinese philosophy which says:
"Love lives, endures through all Eternity,
Life is but a jest for idle lovers * * * "
Beside a favorite book, a bowl of blue
Brimming with gold-lipped, fringed chrysanthemums;
And dusk—within this room—the soft mauve hue
Of twilight creeping down against the hills,
And starlight loveliness when day is done—
The hushed serenity. For these, dear God!
For these—and for the smile of my loved one!

What we enjoy particularly about Gladys Ann Wagstaff's poems is her ability to make clear the lovely picture her mind

conceives through tender, colorful words. There is a gentle sweetness in all she writes that is refreshing and refining to the soul.

Ruth Harwood

Ruth Harwood is the daughter of J. T. Harwood, the well-known Utah painter and Harriet Richards Harwood. She tells us that it is not surprising that she should have a taste for sketching and drawing because of her father's recognized talent and the fact that her mother, too, was gifted in this line. That her mother was gifted in sketching should not be a surprise to our readers for Ruth Harwood's mother is of the same family as Lee Greene Richards, the well known portrait painter of Utah.

In the December, 1927, issue of *The School Arts Magazine* Miss Harwood has given us a unique statement of her life which we include.

"I believe that fortune has smiled on me doubly in making it possible for me to earn the necessary bread and meat of life at one art while the other can be kept sacred and undisturbed by any grind of existence.

"As my father and mother were artistic, the desire to draw came both hereditarily and environmentally but that more precious spark of poetry came unexpectedly and has cast a secret glamor over the world ever since.

"Lyrics do not flow as readily to the happy heart as to the wistful and so in more prosaic hours one branches into long narrative poems, and short stories and even embryo novels.

"Then there are drawings, decorative designs with beautiful dancing figures illustrating poetry themes, to be made. There is a whole world of these fancies to be born yet, but some day, perhaps, the workmanship will come.

"The days go on, working, living, and once in a while there is a red-letter day. It was such a day when the word first came that the annual poetry prize of the University of Utah had been given to me—just for the happy songs I had woven together for myself. That was the first time my songs had ever reached out and brought me happiness.

"There was another such day when there came word that a student in the art department of the University of California had won the yearly poetry prize. So many coveted friends came to me on the wake of that success, and then, my mother was alive to be happy too.

"Then there was a turbulent year filled with romance and my first taste of death. I dressed one day in a black shroud, marched around with many others in a sweltering heat and came home with M. A. in art from the University of California. That was the first time my mother was not there to rejoice too, but my father was there, kind and patient, trying to take the place of both.

"A wonderful red-letter day when a librarian friend showed me a book from London of a hundred best poems of the year from English and American writers and there was my name and one of my poems. Lesser red-letter days scattered along with poems and drawings and articles appearing here and there in magazines! Always working eagerly, impulsively and dreaming of bigger things!

"This summer another shining day with word that the prize for the best sonnet on Browning from the Poetry Society of America was for me. I immediately burst into a dozen more sonnets.

"You ask my hobby. My profession is art, my ambition writing, so perhaps my little house is the hobby. I love it that much. If it looked the way I would want, it would have arches and a swooping roof and a host of modern conveniences inside as I do not crave domestic pursuits.

"But the supreme view! Fifteen feet of window toward the bay and at night Berkeley, and Oakland and Richmond twinkling below as far as the eye can see * * * then the black water and the soft glory of San Francisco in the distance and over all a dome of stars, except when the fog creeps in and wraps its fingers around the hilltop.

"My father, one of Utah's finest artists and art director of its state University, has been such a blessing in reclaiming the small garden spot from the wild brush and rabbits that skip about ready for any chance green that may be struggling for existence.

"Two years now I have been away teaching art, one as supervisor of art in the New Mexico State Teacher's College and one as design instructor in the University of Utah. That is a long time to be away from California and what joy it will be to be back on the hilltop with my friend and my work and my poet self."

This summer Miss Harwood has been abroad with her father, an experience which will be enriching to one gifted as she is gifted. She tells us she makes her living through her sketching and that writing poetry is a diversion that feeds her soul. As she feeds her own soul so does she feed the souls of others.

A poem known as "The Shoe Factory" (Song of the Knot-Tyer) has proved to be the most popular of Miss Harwood's poems. It is a poem that dignifies manual labor. Consequently we hail it with pleasure. It was published first in "Poetry," and was selected by an English anthologist for publication in his volume, "The Best Poems of 1922." It was conceived after a visit to a shoe factory by a psychology class for the purpose of investigating some phases of mental reaction. It may be found in Stevenson's Home Book of Verse—and Cooper's Poems of Youth.

The Shoe Factory

(Song of the Knot-Tyer)

They told me
When I came
That this would be drudgery,
Always the same
Things over and over
Day after day—
The swift movement
In the same small way.
Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied,
Take off,
Cut,
And put
It aside.

Over and over,
In rhythmical beat—
Some say it is drudgery,
But to me it is sweet.
Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied,
Outdoors
The sky
Is so blue
And so wide!

It's a joyous song
Going steadily on,
Marching in measures
Till the day is gone.
Pick up,
Place,
Push,
And it's tied,
Soon end
Of day
Will bring him
To my side.

Oh, I love the measures
Singing on so fast,
Speeding happy hours
Till he comes at last!

Among Miss Harwood's numerous poems is one entitled "Silver Morning," which we feel sure will appeal to our readers.

Silver Morning

God has dipped this morning
In a silver pool,
And left it iridescent,
Glistening and cool.

All the sky is silver,
And the hills between
Veil their verdant beauty
With a silver sheen.

Even buds are silver
On the waking trees,
And the larks discover
Silver melodies.

And the rippling river
Croons a silver song
To the sentient willows
As it purls along.

And the shining morning
That must pass so soon
Leaves a silver echo
In my lilting tune.

The Acacia seems to have made very special appeal to Miss Harwood as she writes a poem entitled "Acacia Rapture."

Acacia Rapture

It matters not how many years
Of waking springs I see,
Each fresh time there appears
Acacia with its wealth of golden filigree
I stand before it, rapture mad,
As to some deity.

I fancy that the fervent earth
Has climbed all year to this,
And that acacias in their worth
Are to her as the utmost kiss.

It matters not how many years
The gold acacias break,
They make me mad and glad to tears,
And turn me robber for their sake.

She refers to California in a poem called "Yearning" which we include.

YEARNING

O to be in California in the spring!
While torpid earth is held in winter shrouds,
To see her wreathe herself in pearly clouds
And break into a song of burgeoning!

And O, to watch the barren hills unfold;
First comes the mossy carpeting of green,
Fog-misted, sometimes, to a silver sheen,
And then to watch them flare to mauve and gold!

And O, to see acacias burst in bloom,
Like clustered sunshine billowing the trees,
To hear the droning music of the bees,
And scent the air weighed heavy with perfume!

To think she's showing now her pageantry
In all the glory of spring's verdant dress
And flinging, open-armed, her loveliness!
To think of spring! * * * And I not there to see!

Also a poem entitled

PASTEL

To keep this evening's loveliness I seek,
This sunset hour in my garden spent,
Among my iris where each purple cheek
Of velvet softness lulls me with content.

A hush of happiness has seemed to fall
About my garden. Bloom and brush and tree
Have felt the magic touch transforming all
Into a misty quiet harmony.

O, sweet, my garden lit with sunset rose!
O, soft, the blossoms folding close for sleep!
O, frail, my song that strives before it goes
This evening's pastel loveliness to keep!

Her poem entitled "Vagabond Song" carries in its lines the abandoned joy of one who really lives close to nature.

VAGABOND SONG

Because I have so few of goodly things
That money brings, perchance the world is bold
To scoff at me, because in lacking gold,
I could not hope to know the joy life brings.

But O! I have a heart that gaily sings,
And feet that swiftly dance, and wealth untold,
For I have eyes to catch and soul to hold
The gold of sunsets and the jewels of springs.

And I find gems in all the stars that shine;
And dazzling diamonds strung on spider's lace;
And glistening silver on the water's face;
And full red rubies sparkling on the vine. * *

I doubt if you, in any gilded place,
Feel richer in your wealth than I in mine!

A poem entitled "Poetry Magic" is interesting because it really reveals something of the way in which the poet works.

Poetry Magic

My poetry
Is like a magic wizardry.
For with deft hands
I pluck a few
Glad-chosen words,
And build for me
A rainbow tinted bridge;
And leave the sentient solemn earth,
And dance down my fairy bridge,
And find some secret glowing place
Of dream-lit wonders;
And wander there,
And thrill and sing,
And twine dream flowers in my hair,
And dance and fling
My carefree arms into the air.

And so—when suddenly
You speak to me,
You must be patient
Until I can return from wanderings
A thousand worlds away.

Questions and Problems

1. Which one of the authors uses one talent to earn a living and the other for self-expression?
2. Name the flowers that the two poets we are studying mention in their poetry.
3. Tell the circumstances under which a poem was born in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.
4. Repeat the tribute to the singer made by one of the disabled veterans.
5. What do you know about the enlistment of the sons of this singer in the World War?
6. Which poem refers to the state flower as it blooms on the mountain side? Repeat the lines that refer to the flower.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

THE CHILD STUDY COURSE

Lesson 9. Nervous and Mental Hygiene in Children.
(Based on Chapter X. The Child: His Nature and His Needs)

The last lesson—The Relation of Nutrition to Mental Development—will have convinced the reader of the general importance of mental hygiene in the life of the child. The mental hygiene movement is one of the most recent and in many ways the most important developments in the fields of psychology and education during the past twenty years. Dr. William A. White, the author of this well-written chapter, is one of the outstanding mental hygienists (sometimes called psychiatrists) in America. He is at present superintendent of the government hospital for the insane at Washington, D. C.

A. Some Principles of Mental Hygiene

Perhaps the best way to get the "meat" out of the present lesson is for the reader (and class-leader too) to select from Dr. White's chapter principles such as the following:

"Children are not just small adults." (p. 195.)

"Then again, the child is not an isolated being." (p. 195.)

"The whole developmental period of childhood has these two aims: the maximum unfoldment of the individual possibilities consistent with the necessary degrees of conformity to social standards." (p. 196.)

"Strength of character, just like muscular strength, is developed by overcoming difficulties, not by following the path of least resistance." (p. 198.)

"The Impetus and initiative must come from within the child * * * ." (p. 200.)

"Every exaggerated character trait is evidence of an unbalanced personality make-up and is evidence also of the existence of the opposite trait." (p. 201.)

To Dr. White's excellent list of mental hygiene principles, we add a few of our own, as follows:

1. Most mental handicaps are preventable.
2. Activity is the normal characteristic of childhood; physical and mental inactivity are pathological.
3. The differences between personalities are so great as to make it dangerous to prescribe the same treatment for all individuals.
4. Mental poise is facilitated by an alternating program of work, rest, and play.
5. Almost all persons have some degree of inferiority-feeling. Compensations for actual or imagined inferiority are quite

normal. The problem of child guidance is therefore one of facilitating appropriate compensations.

6. Every child and grown-up person should experience success or superiority in some field or situation, with sufficient frequency to prevent the development of an inferiority-complex.

7. All children and grown-ups normally demand a confidante, i. e., some understanding person who will listen without moralizing.

8. Energies, impulses, etc., cannot be suppressed. They may, however, be sublimated, i. e., guided to expression on higher planes.

9. Many personality problems are overcome when the handicapped person is able, through the assistance of others, to objectify his own problems, i. e., to analyze his own difficulty as though it were the problem of another.

10. Punishment is a dubious method of dealing with children's conduct problems. The following suggestions of Felix Adler are well worth contemplating in this connection:

a. Never punish in anger.
b. Distinguish between the child and the fault.
c. Do not "lecture" children.
d. Do not threaten them.
e. While insisting upon obedience, demand nothing which is unreasonable.
f. Do not employ corporal punishment; it tends to brutalize the child, to break his spirit, and to weaken his sense of shame.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is mental health more important than physical health?

2. How do you explain the increasing interest in mental hygiene?

3. What does Dr. White mean by the phrase (p. 197) "reality may be overwhelming?"

4. What is a feeling of inferiority? What are its causes? What types of inferiority feeling (popularly called "complexes") have you observed in children and adults? How should a child with an inferiority feeling be dealt with in his home and in the school?

5. How are "phantasy," "incorrigibility" and "bad habits" related to inferiority feelings?

6. Is wholesome personality in a child as important as his mastery of the three R's? Then why do we fail to emphasize and train for it in our schools?

B. A Good Book for Parents

There has been so much written on mental hygiene that is either over-technical or unsound that we are giving a short review

or synopsis of a recent book which we can safely recommend for further reading by the parent with an especially difficult problem-child. The book is written by Dr. Erwin Wexberg, and is called Your Nervous Child: A Guide for Parents and Teachers (New York: Albert & Charles Boni, 178 pp., $1.75.)

Dr. Wexberg speaks as a physician. He had a wide experience with children's cases in Vienna, where he was associated with the famous Dr. Alfred Adler. The book comprises three well-rounded chapters on the symptons, causes, and treatment of nervousness in children. While the manifestations of nervousness may take the form of disturbances of nutrition and urination, night terrors, stuttering, masturbation, lying, etc., the basic condition is that of "a child who has lost courage to fight his way through, or is struggling along the wrong road."

Chief among the causes of nervousness in children, Wexberg lists: The Feeling of Inferiority, The Fatherless Boy, The Youngest Child, The Only Child, Sex, The Spoiled Child, Egoism of Parents, Vain Mothers. With almost uncanny insight he explains how bodily infirmities (such as hare-lip, prominent ears, protracted sickliness) strengthen the feeling of inferiority and cause the child to be nervous. It is not too much to say that the author's discussion of sex as a cause of nervousness and psychic home-sexuality, is the best and most straight-forward thing anywhere in print accessible to the layman.

The chief prophylaxis and cure for nervousness in children (except, of course, where it is due to organic causes) Wexberg insists is "correct" education, the task of which is "to do everything that can help a child become an independent and courageous man * * * ready and prepared to adapt himself to the community to which he belongs, and to render his best service where he has chosen to serve." Independence and courage are the key-notes of this "correct" education. The author is averse to marks and reports, yet he would "blame mildly and praise in a friendly fashion." He adduces new arguments against all forms of punishment and shows the futility of moralizing. He concludes his effective plea for freedom and the early psychological weaning of the child with the rather startling statement that "children should be treated as adults, not as children."

There is only one important point upon which we differ with Dr. Wexberg and that is in regard to his assumption that only the physician is competent to deal with these common (functional) forms of nervousness in children. If parents and teachers cannot sooner or later learn to deal with most of these difficulties themselves, then progress under our system of family life is impossible. Such intelligent understanding of these matters on the part of the average parent, is, after all, the real reason for the parental movement.

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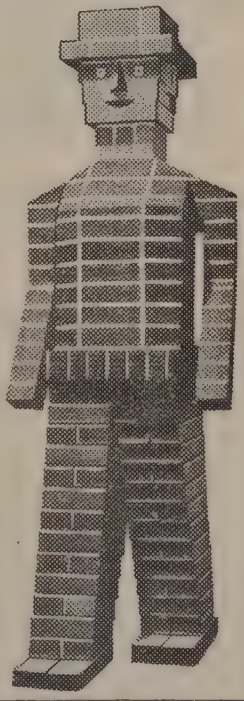

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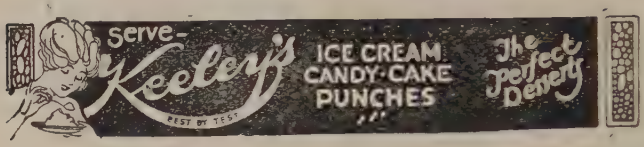

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